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MIXED POLITICS WITH DRINKS.

These are rather perilous days for the man—or the newspaper organ—that attempts to blindly follow the administration and to uphold the party, no matter what it does.
Increasingly difficult is it becoming for those who are appealing for the reelection of congressmen on the basis of their having voted for the Volstead act, attempting to gloss over derelictions or omissions by the cry that to defeat them means a return of booze.

For now it appears that the cabinet is becoming somewhat moist and that the close advisors of the president are behind a suggestion to pay the bonus with a tax on wines and beers.

Of course the suggestion comes from the practical politicians in the cabinet who would serve the double purpose of attempting to get in right with the soldiers and at the same time hold out hope to the liquor interests.

That such a plea will ever gain any great headway is unthinkable, but it does serve to disclose the fact that the party in power is a hopeless tangle of reaction and conservatism, of vice and virtue, of the wayward and the wise.

It may serve as a warning to the independent voter that he should ask for specific specifications when the spellbinders appeal for his vote on the ground of "upholding the hands of the president." He might inquire just what is in the president's hands at the time, whether it is a permit for a saloon or a new dry law, a bonus or another delay, a privileged tariff or a concession to the farmers bloc.

The damp part of the party, before it launches any open campaign for its new idea, should study the results of prohibition and save their time and effort.

The Manufacturers Record can hardly be accused of being a dry organ. It is printed in behalf of the larger business man, the one who heads industrial enterprises and has control of the plants which hire thousands of men.

It has taken a canvass of its members on the subject with the following result:

	Percent
For prohibition in some form.....	98.50
Against prohibition	1.50
For strict prohibition	85.50
For beer and wine	7.00
Against Volstead law or present regulations ..	1.25
In favor of modification of Volstead law75
In favor of high license or government control ..	1.00
In favor of dispensary system25
Undecided or noncommittal	2.75

Business men fought the coming of prohibition. Now they are almost unanimously for it. If you would know the reasons, you will find them in the statement of President Verity of the American Rolling Mills who lists these as the results of the new era:

"Less lost time, fewer accidents, less incompetence, less carelessness and inefficiency; better work, better homes, more thrift, happier families, and sober and safer and more efficient men who now are finding out what it means to really live."

When business men are converted, and a matter becomes "good business" because of better manhood, any one who tries to turn back the clock is losing his time in a most useless effort.

A SCIENTIFIC TARIFF.

The closest senatorial friends of the president, critics of the present tariff measure and the other bills which have preceded it, propose to have the tariff drafted by a commission the members of which will hold life jobs.

His argument for a scientific tariff is much better than the remedy which he proposes, for life tenure of any job has never produced the best of results. Our federal courts are not outstanding examples of the good that is supposed to come when the holder of a job has no fear of losing it and can devote himself to the sole purpose of administering that job.

There have been scandals in the federal bench and more occasions for scandals. The open court-ing of judges by corporation lawyers, the vacation trips in private cars before important decisions, have not given the people the greatest of confidence in the efficiency of such a method.

That the tariff should not be a political question is admitted by both parties. It will remain political as long as there is a tariff.

Right at the present time the tariff measure is being drafted in defiance of the findings and recommendations of the Tariff Commission which was named by President Wilson.

That board, a non-partisan one, gathered facts about imports and exports, and data on costs of production, but the congressmen and senators have utterly failed to regard this information and have gone ahead in the old blundering way of taking care of the special friends and interests.

The best way to take the tariff out of politics is to elect some intelligent and patriotic senators and congressmen.

FIXING THE BLAME.

The nation is shocked and horrified by the killing of two score of men by a mob, incited largely by moonshine whisky, in a real labor war in the mines. Foes of unionism will point to this tragedy as evidence of the lawlessness of all unions. Friends of organized labor will as stoutly deny that the membership or the leadership of the unions had any part in this terrible affair.

There will be prosecutions, perhaps. Soldiers will stand in readiness to prevent a recurrence. And no coal will come from the mines and no food will go to the miners' homes.

Washington, as represented by the secretary of labor and the secretary of commerce, will conduct an investigation and fix the guilt, perhaps.
The real tragedy of the affair, equally as great as that of these murders, is the fact that it takes a monstrous event of this sort to direct attention to the mines and to the conditions in the fields.

Had Secretary of Labor Davis had either sympathy with the problems of labor or a knowledge of the problems of labor, he would not have been content to sit idle in Washington and leave so important a strike to be settled by combat—it is war now—between the employers and the employees.

Horrible as the affair is, it should not have been

unexpected to those who have control of the powerful agencies of government.

Idle men, whether they hold union cards or not, may be expected to find some outlet for their pent up energies and when they are engaged in the very personal affair of fighting for wages, anything may happen.

How far the charge is true that the rage and indignation of these men was fired to the murder point by the suggestions of spies and agents of the owners is not important.

The big fact is that the government authorities should have known that it was possible and probable that such a condition of inflamed hatred would be inspired, if not by employers who needed a show of violence to win sympathy, then by the hot-headed and the desperate men of union ranks who became restless under the regime of idleness.

Months ago a secretary of labor who had any claim to that title other than the fact that he had been able to give great political support through leadership of a fraternal organization, would have tried to find some way to start this basic industry and see that it was operated.

Instead his policy has been that of a half century ago. He has been silent while the contending forces prepared to turn an industrial dispute into an industrial war.

A real secretary of labor would have understood that a strike of coal miners affects every man and woman in every industry and that a quarrel between the employees and those who hire them affected every part of our industrial and social life.

It is not a question that can be settled by guns, whether those guns be in the hands of maddened, raging mobs, crazed by moonshine and fighting against strike breakers or in the hands of soldiers sent there to restore quiet.

When the real blame for such tragedies is fixed, it will be placed very close to the doorsteps of those who have been content to remain silent and inactive while all the elements of civil war were being prepared by idleness, intolerance, entire lack of public interest.

The guilty must be punished, of course. But while that work proceeds, some one should take steps to avoid a repetition.

YOUR YOUTH.

Medical men say it probably will be two or three years before millionaire McCormick will get the full value, if any, of the glands recently transplanted into his body.

The human body with its endocrine glands corresponds to a delicate machine with a dozen different adjustments, a change in any one of which affects the others.

Tampering with a gland—the thyroid, for instance—usually throws the body's glandular control out of balance. It takes time to re-establish equilibrium and make the bodily machine function smoothly.

Science will learn many things from this millionaire's grasping at youth by the gland route.

After all, is youth really worth as much as most of us have hypnotized ourselves into believing? You might put this question to an elderly man or woman: "How much of the material and mental wealth you have accumulated would you surrender to get your youth back?"

Most of them would hedge and want to retain the wisdom and experience gained during lifetime. You have noticed that people when they say, "If I only had my life to live over again," usually add, "AND KNEW WHAT I DO NOW!"

With maturity and old age comes an escape from the bitter despair and heart-rending emotions of youth—which are mountains made out of molehills, but very real.

A good many people are happier and more contented in middle age—and even old age—than in youth. It all depends on the mistakes avoided and wisdom acquired in youth.

Socrates learned to play on musical instruments in his old age. Cato did not begin to study Greek until he was 80, and Plutarch was nearly as old when he took up Latin. Sir Henry Spelman was a farmer until he was 50, then became a great scientist.

These and millions of similar cases show that youth is largely a matter of viewpoint—mental and spiritual—instead of glands and years of age.

Real youth is in the heart.

In old age, most people come to the conclusion that life here on earth is just a training school and spiritual gymnasium for a better existence later.

Old age is the youth of intellect and the babyhood of the spirit.

Happiness and contentment have nothing to do with one's number of birthdays.

STOPPING STEALING.

The money dealers in Wall street have finally hit upon a new scheme of protecting their money and bonds from the ravages of thieves and thugs.

Many a bold theft has been committed in the financial districts, where messengers each day carry huge sums of money and negotiable securities between banks and bond houses.

Heretofore every effort has been made to disguise these messengers. There has been a studied effort to distract attention from them and many have been guarded by secret service and plain clothes men as they made their trips. All to no avail. The robberies occurred with increasing frequency.

Now the opposite is to be tried. Every messenger is dressed in a bright red uniform that shrieks his presence. About his waist is chained a small safe in which the valuables are carried.

From secrecy, the method is to be changed to openness and publicity. Instead of dodging thieves, the messengers are so well identified that the crowds become protectors.

The wonder is that so simple a scheme should not have been tried before. The wise men have lost millions on the other method. The new plan was devised and suggested by a \$75 a month clerk. Make your own deductions.

Other Editors Than Ours

FORMER KAISER AN AUTHOR.

(Baltimore Sun)
The former German Kaiser, disregarding the old warning about the peril of writing a book, is now, it seems, to join the great army of post-war litterateurs and let the public in behind the scenes of his dramatic and world-shaking career. He is scarcely to be blamed. He would have been a superman to have resisted the temptation. Greater men than he have not been able to keep silent in calamity. Besides, it pays much better to write these memoirs than to saw wood. The \$250,000 which he will get for them is not to be sneezed at by a monarch out of a job. The Kaiser's book, however, will be in itself a most interesting addition to the chronicles of kings and to the discussion of the great men and the great events with which he has been associated. It will complete what would have been incomplete without his version of the momentous chapters in history that have been written in his time, and if it does not clear up, may at least throw new light on many disputed points. Also it will help to settle the Kaiser's own place in history. Self-revelation is the first law of memoirs, and happy is he who does not "give himself away." Will the Kaiser write himself down a spectacular mountebank, or will he prove there is more in him than has been credited to him? The Kaiser has an opportunity. What will he do with it?

The Tower of Babel
Bill Armstrong

THE GREAT RAILWAY CONTROVERSY: THE INSIDE DOPE.

Of course most of the trade knows by now that Fred Bryan, influential with the Indiana and Michigan Electric company, bought a street railway line, bag and baggage during the past week.

Mr. Bryan's purchase has caused no little amount of comment around over the town, among his associates. For instance, the influential electric and traction magnate came into Jake Heckaman's Razor and Clip Emporium at the Oliver hotel the other morning with a suit of clothes on his arm.

"Mah goodness," said the porter, "that there Mistah Bryan is sure all prosperous in appearance these days. Here he is with two suits of clothing. Ah can remember when he didn't have nothing to wear but a pair of overalls."

But despite all these outward signs of prosperity, Mr. Bryan has gotten himself into a real mess with one of his closest friends, none other than Mr. Jake Heckaman. You see the railway Mr. Bryan purchased runs through Benton Harbor, Mich., where the men never cut their hair or their whiskers. The nearer you come to looking like a human billy goat, the more influential you are in Benton Harbor.

These bewhiskered gents have some of the best jobs in the town, including the posts of motormen and conductors on the street car lines Mr. Bryan has just purchased. As Mr. Heckaman's life's work is cutting hair and snipping whiskers, it was sure to follow that these two great financiers should come to sword's points in this matter.

We are at this time in position to publish a letter from Mr. Heckaman, the barber, to Mr. Bryan, the electric and traction magnate, on the subject. The correspondence is given exclusively to Tower readers, and republication is prohibited in all languages, including Scandinavian. The letter:

THE OLIVER HOTEL
BARBER SHOP
From Foreman's Office
Mr. Fred A. Bryan,
City.
Dear Friend and Customer:
I notice in the paper of this date that you have purchased the Benton Harbor street railway lines, where the motormen and conductors wear long whiskers, and in cold weather let their whiskers serve as vests, or chest protectors. I respectfully urge that you invite all of your men to visit my clean, well lighted

shop here at their earliest convenience to have their lawns mowed. If you cannot see your way clear to do this, you can consider me henceforth your sworn enemy, a foe that will leave no stone unturned to do you dirt at the first opportunity. Have already instructed Mitch to shave you with a hack saw the next time you come in, unless you take the action I have already outlined with reference to the employees of your railroad.

There are many reasons why you should take this action, besides that of accommodating an old friend, by throwing me this business. The last time I rode on one of these Benton Harbor cars, I was unable to see out of the window on either side of the car, because of the waving whiskers of the motorman. The whiskers streamed back to nearly the end of the car, causing no end of discomfort for the passengers. Once the motorman's whiskers got fastened in a tree, and the car had to be stopped and the whiskers untangled. Traffic was tied up for upwards of an hour.

I handed my ticket to the conductor to be punched, which he did, but he punched his whiskers too at the same time, and my pockets were filled with hair for two months afterwards. I got in awful bad with my wife on this occasion. She found the hair in my vest pocket, where I carried my ticket, and she thought I had been out with another woman.

There are many other reasons why you should shut down your old railroad for a day and bring your employees to South Bend to have their tonsorial needs looked after, but if you do persist in going ahead and ignoring my advice, let me recommend a few appointments for your railway as it now stands:

Passenger Agent—Charles B. Sax.
Freight Agent—Bill Knoblock.
Baggage Man—Jake Woolverton.
Ticket Agents—The two Ivan boys.

Track Walker—The Smith Brothers, Trade and Mark.

Wishing you every luck in your new venture, providing, of course you issue this shaving order I have suggested, I remain,
FAITHFULLY YOURS,
JAKE HECHAMAN.

We know the trade will await anxiously Mr. Bryan's reply to Mr. Heckaman in this unusual controversy, which has arisen between these two Gibralters of Industry, Mr. Bryan, it is your move.

YOUR HEALTH—By Dr. R. S. Copeland

Pretty soon the Fourth of July will here. That is the boy's day. It is all a day of noise in many places—the day of fire-crackers and cannon.

Unfortunately, the Fourth of July is not only a day of natural rejoicing and glorification, but it is a day of explosions, powder burns and endless accident.

The day after the Fourth used to be the one day of the year when the newspapers were filled with reports of death and injury from accidental causes. Since the advent of the automobile, every Monday is record day for such reports. We have too many "S. & S." drivers—persons who buy cars on Saturday and drive them for the first time on Sunday. The highways are crowded, recklessness prevails, and accidents are the natural result.

A clean wound is never particularly serious. A wound into which dirt has been carried is always serious. It is especially serious if the dirt is the filth of the street or the filth of the stable or barnyard.

This is because such dirt may carry the germs of tetanus or lockjaw. The germs are found in the intestines of horses and cattle, so any soil contaminated by the excretions of animals may be infected with this agent.

Lockjaw is a very serious and frequently fatal disease. The agony of the sufferer is terrible to behold. It can hardly bear to think of the sufferings of a friend and patient of yours who died of tetanus a few years have passed. I shudder when memory recalls the scene.

I am glad that science has found a way since then of dealing with lockjaw. An antitoxin has been discovered which counteracts the issues of the disease. In the war it was used systematically in all dirt-infected wounds.

Should an accident occur on the Fourth of July or at any other time, so that street dust or stable dirt is ground into the tissues, go at once to your doctor and take his advice about treatment. For some reason the palms of the hands appear to be particularly susceptible to this form of infection. Wounds of this region require special care.

Every board of health and most drug stores carry the antitoxin in stock. Bear this in mind. Everybody should know some thing about first aid, and every home, shop and factory should be equipped with the simple remedies and dressings. Never take a chance about injuries. Attend to them early and avoid evil consequences.

Fortunately, our powers of resistance are usually pretty high, and we throw off the effects of ordinary infection. Good health is a great protector. It pays us to keep well and strong, because this condition is life-and-health-insurance of the very best sort.

nothing in his life.

ANY WAY WILL DO
The dries want the Volstead law executed. The wets don't care how it is put to death.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT
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VERSE O' CHEER
By Edgar L. Jones

NOT "HAS"—BUT "IS."
It isn't what you were—it's what you do that counts.

ALTHO YOU'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN THE GAME,
It isn't what you've done—it's what you do that counts.

YOUR FEET UPON THE GOLDEN STAIR OF FAME,
Tho you have met success; if you have lost the touch,
You stand a chance to lose all you have won
If you don't carry on—success don't count for much.
You'll soon be back where you had first begun.

A man must work and toil, a man must dig and fight
If he expects to hold the gain he's made.
It isn't what you've had; it's what you hold by might
That lets you rightly claim you've made the grade.

Just Folks

A PRAYER
Lord, let me rise refreshed at dawn,
Fit for the tasks the day may bring.
And like the robin on the lawn,

Let me have faith enough to sing
Let me not be embittered here
Because my burden heavy grows.
Let me not be a prey to fear
Nor awayed by every wind that blows.

Teach me to face the good and ill,
And all the years may choose to send.
With courage and a steadfast will
To play the man unto the end.

Lord keep me free from bitterness
Through all the days of pain and strife,
Envy no other man's success,
But grateful for my term of life.

Teach me how graciously to give,
How to be brave when storms descend,
And though the years that I may live,
Lord, teach me how to play the friend.

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I. & M. DEFENDANT IN \$10,000 SUIT

Andrzej Kancznowski Seeks Damages for Injury From Broken Wire.

Suit for \$10,000 damages for injuries alleged to have been received when an electric wire used by the Indiana & Michigan Electric Co. to carry current broke and fell on him was filed in superior court Friday by Andrzej Kancznowski, the I. & M. Co. being named defendant.

The plaintiff charges carelessness upon the defendant in that the wire which broke was of insufficient strength and further that proper insulation had not been looked after. He suffered severe burns, a badly injured hand, which he maintains is permanently impaired, for all of which he seeks personal compensation. The alleged accident occurred April 19, 1922, the complaint sets out.

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GEORGE WYMAN & CO.
—Come and see us—
Store Hours: 8:30 to 5:30
Saturdays close at 9:00

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Because my burden heavy grows.
Let me not be a prey to fear
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